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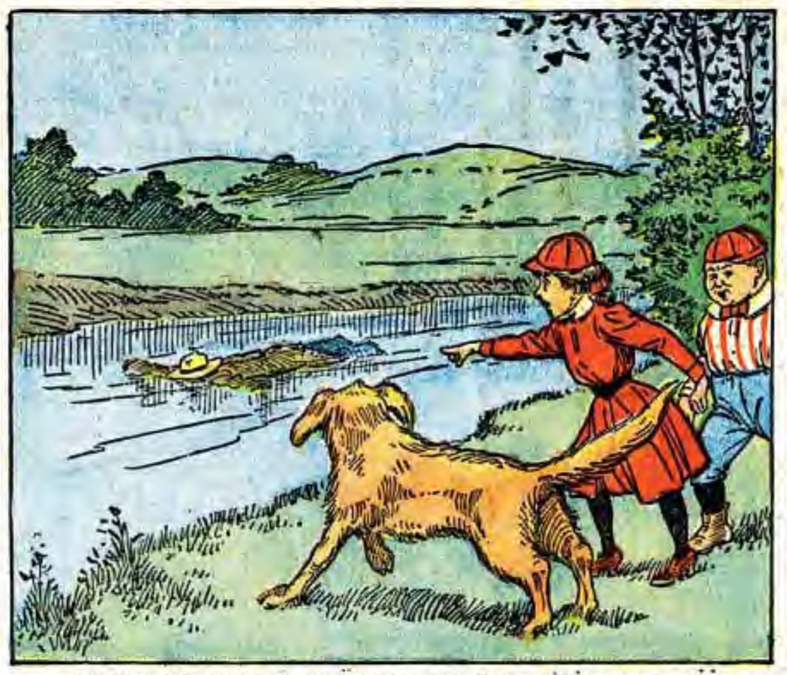
VOL LXXIV—NO 40. BOSTON, SUNDAY MORNING, AUGUST 9, 1908.

"O Kitty! Let's take the old scarecrow and float him down the river and send Percy after him. We'll pretend he's rescuing a real man!"



"O Percy! Jump in and save the poor man, Percy; he'll be drowned!"

Round a bend in the river the rescued and the gallant rescuer float in sight of Uncle Henry, who is taking a walk with a young lady visitor.

Uncle Henry can't see very well without his glasses. "Noble doggie! Fetch him close to shore and I'll help you—you can't carry him up this steep bank."

A treacherous sod broke under Uncle Henry's elbow. He plunges in to the rescue in a much more hasty manner than he originally intended.

He scrambles out with the rescued, wearing a distinct air of annoyance—also a general humidity. The bunch from a safe distance volubly explain how entirely free from guile they are.

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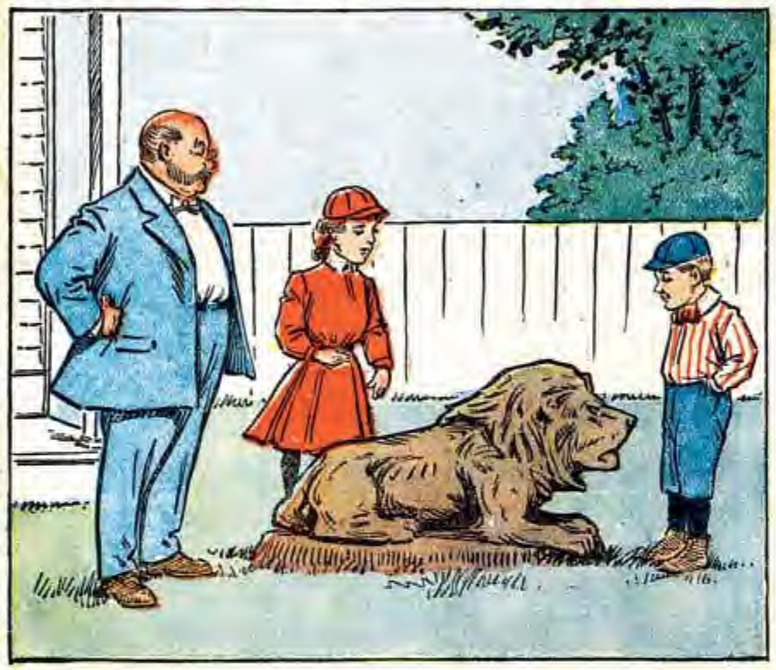
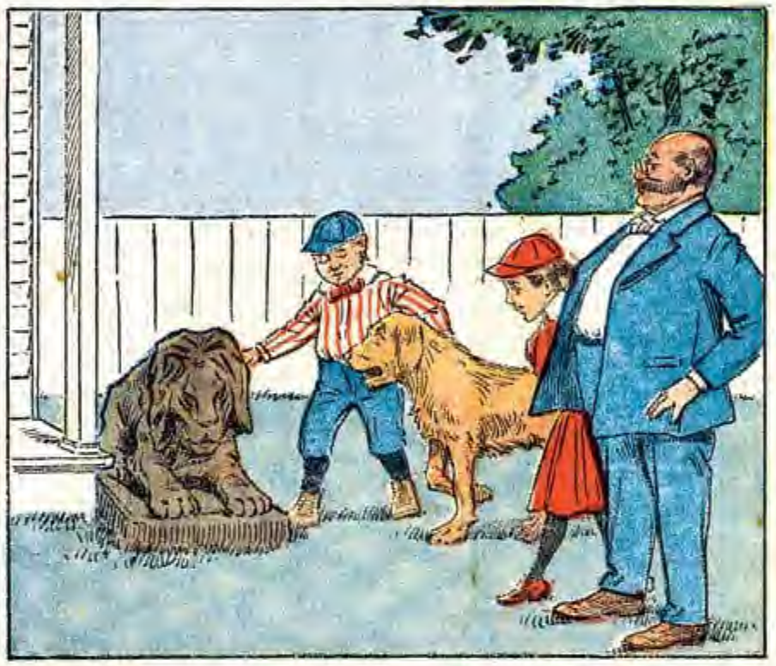
VOL LXXVI—NO 39. BOSTON, SUNDAY MORNING, AUGUST 8. 1909.

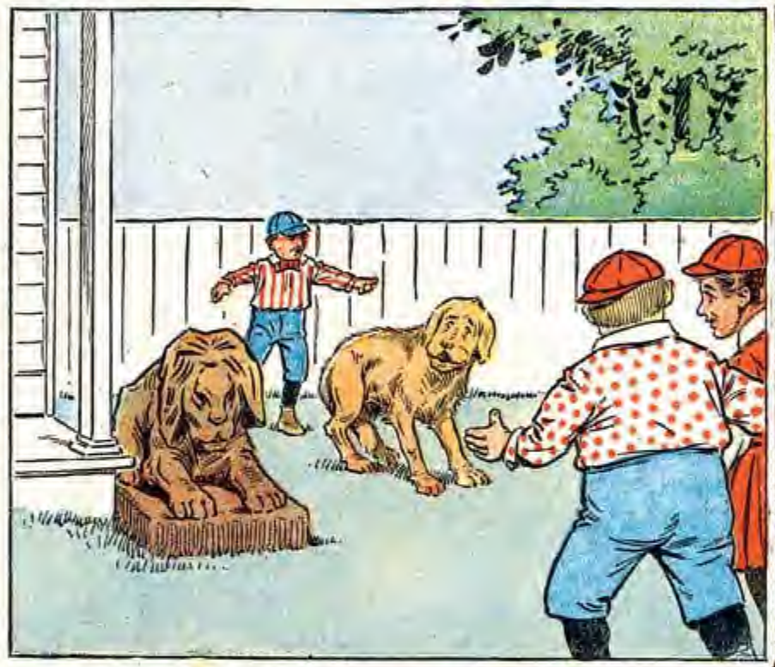
A BAD BREAK.



"There children, there's a handsome work of art I purchased at a sale. I'm going to have it on the lawn. I think statuary improves the grounds very much.

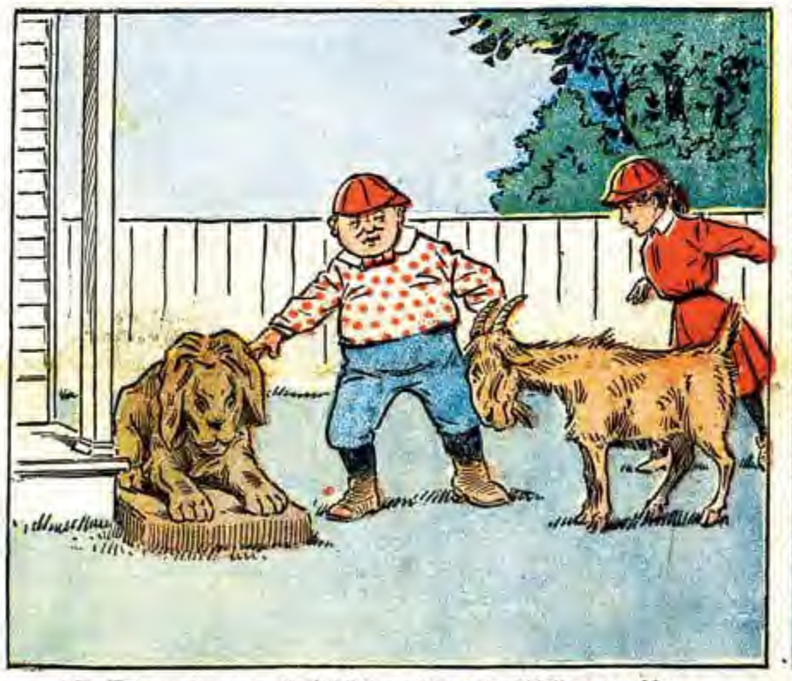


"Ah, looks all right there, doesn't it? It's an old lion, by a celebrated French sculptor. I must go and get the folks to see how they like it."

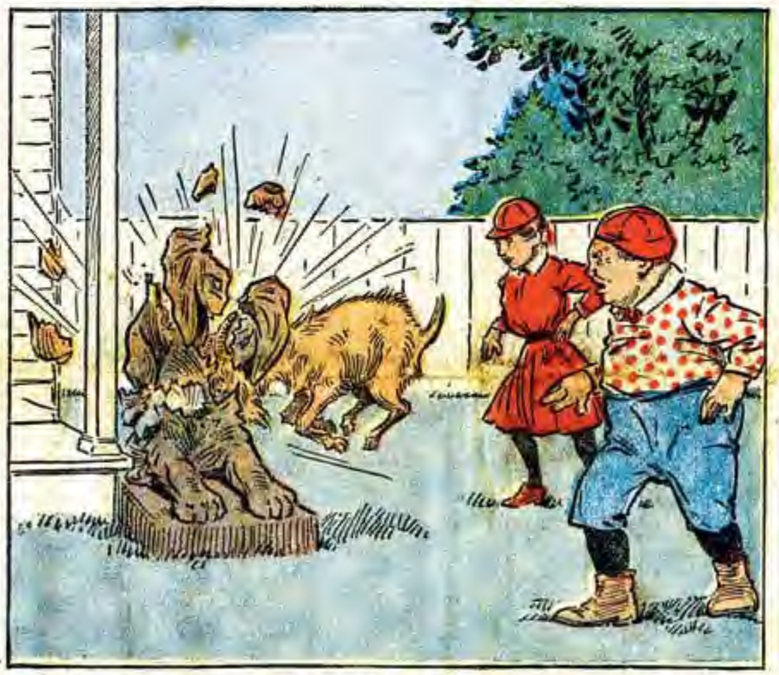


"O Fatty, look—Uncle Henry got a new lion for the garden. And see—I do believe Percy's afraid of it."

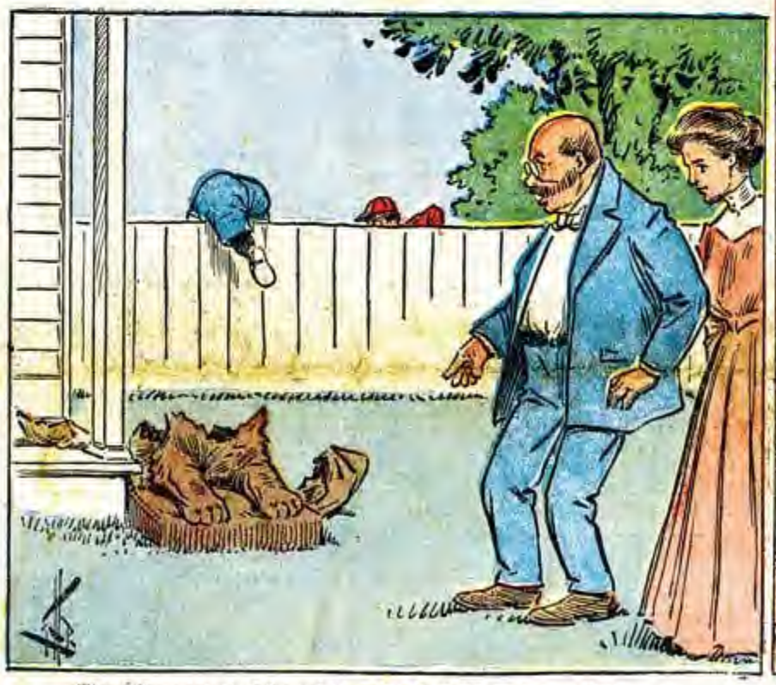
"Say, Kitty—let's get old Bill and show it to him, he's awful funny with strange-looking animals."



"Hi, Bill—sic 'em, boy! I wish Bill would butt it—I'd like to see him stub his head."



Bill accommodated all right. He "sic'd" 'em, but he didn't stub his head—so you'd notice it.



The folks seemed of the opinion that Uncle Henry's new find was too much on the order of busted antique plaster casts to be completely picturesque.

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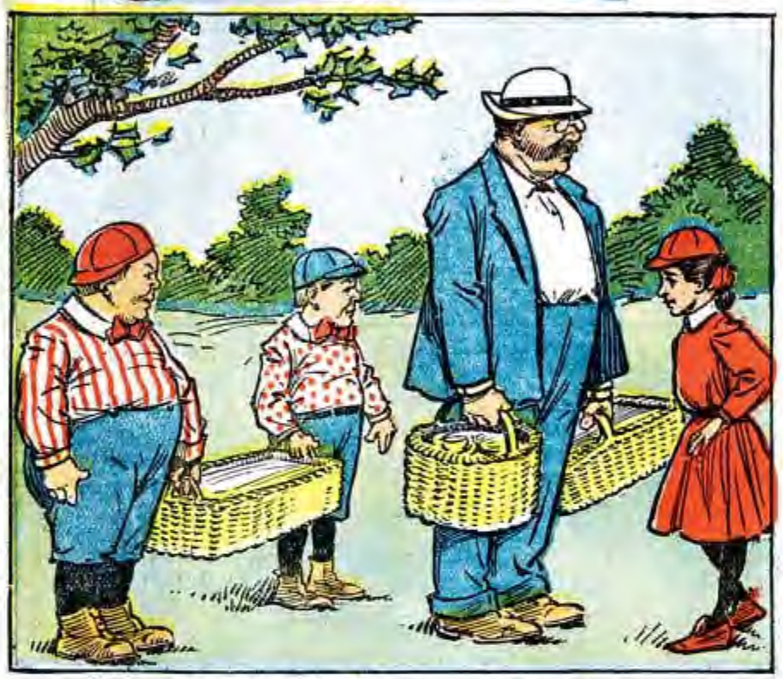
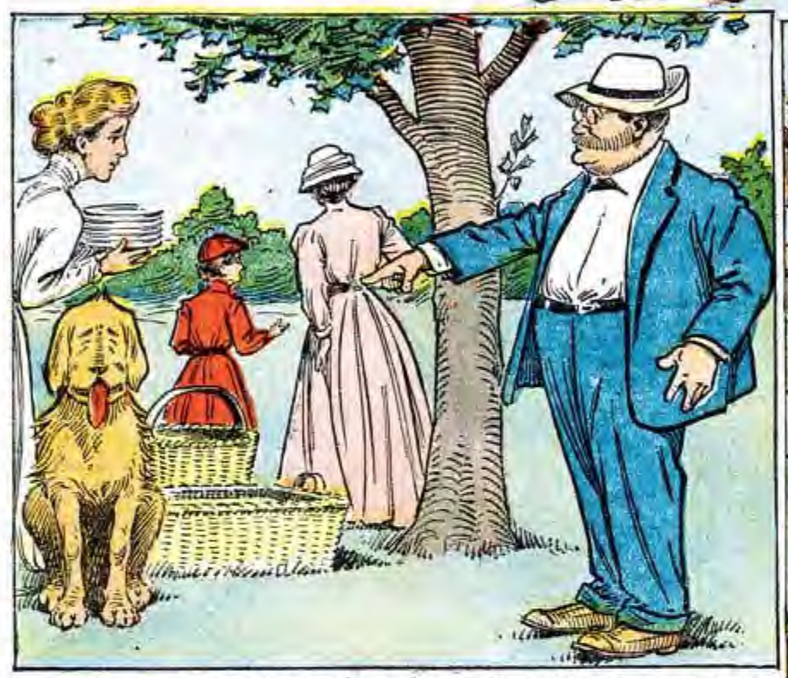


"Well, we're here," grumbled Uncle Henry. "I'll just bet an even 20 to a safety pin that there'll be about 20 kinds of trouble before this picnic is over."

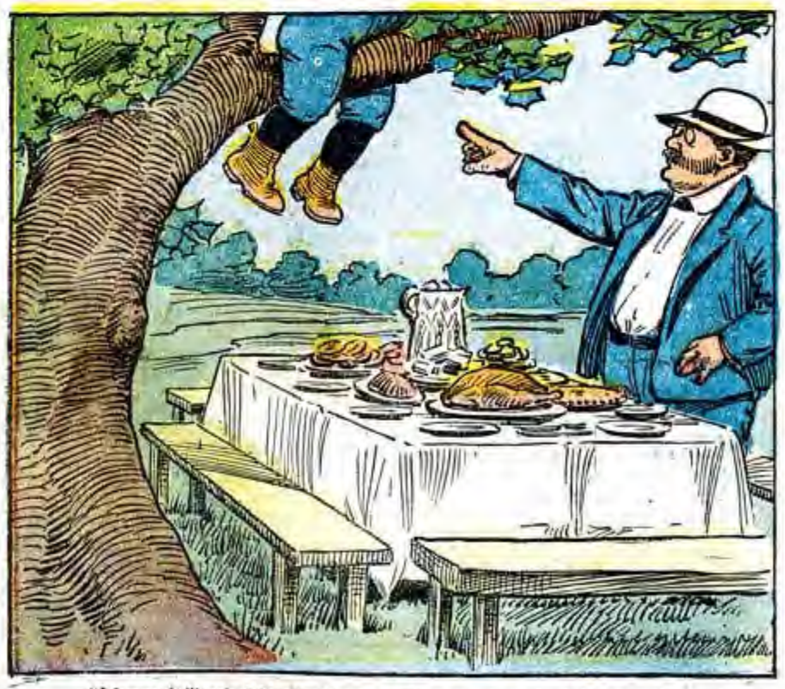
"Now just see those young ones piling on wood. They're trying to melt the solder out of that kettle."

"Why Henry, they're helping splendidly, and the solder can't melt while there's water in the kettle."

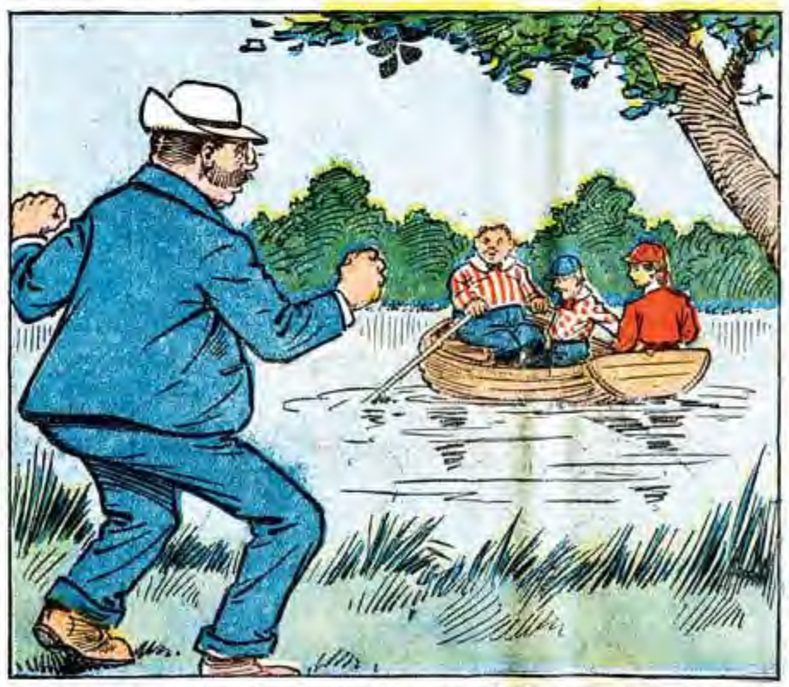


"Now can't you see that that dog will be into the food the minute your back's turned."

"On the contrary, Henry, he has just chased away two tramps that tried to get into the baskets."

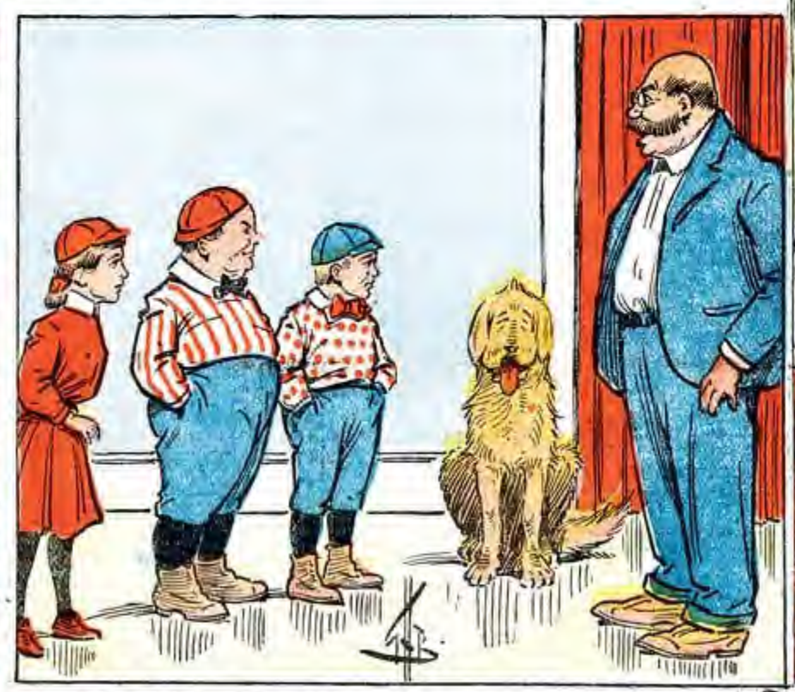


"I knew it!" cried Uncle Henry. "Here's where he falls into the grub and pulverizes everything into one vast hash!" But Mr Spilliker with a ponderous agility swung safely down on the other side.



"Ah!" said Uncle Henry. "Here it is at last! Now come right out of that boat! Upset, half drowned and me fishing you out—that's what."

"Why uncle, we've been all over the lake and we're just getting back."



"The whole bunch!" said Uncle Henry in amazement, "went to a picnic!! And had a bully time!!! And got home all right!!! And not a bit of trouble!!!! Well! Well!! Well!!!"